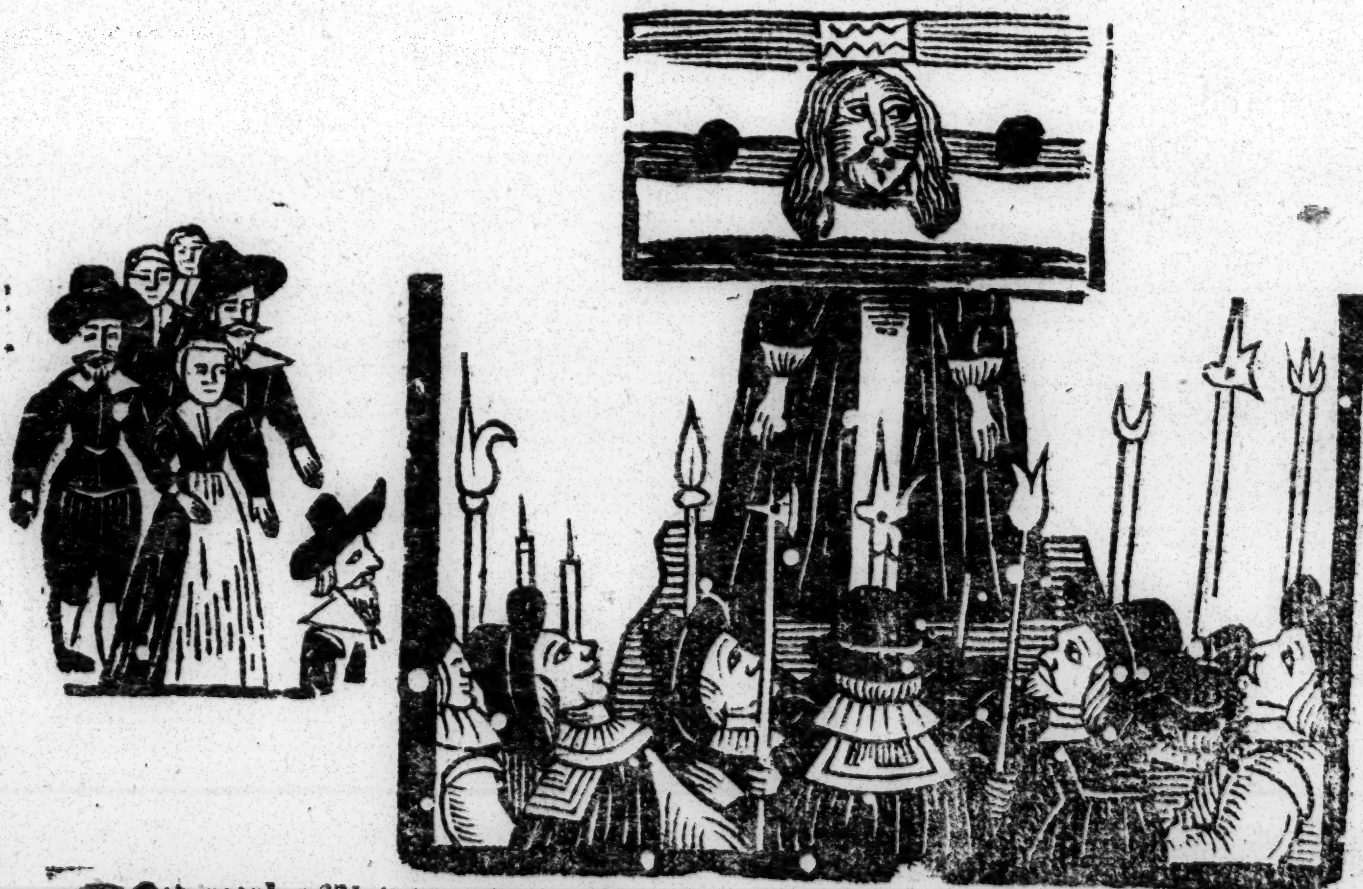


# Plotting never Thrives :

<sup>O R,</sup>  
Old Birds are not Caught with Chaff.

*Giving an Account of*  
**Madam Celliers Sentence.**

To the Tune of, *Let Cæsar Live long.*



**G**od people a Plot, is a thing as you wot,  
which the Devil has rais'd to fright you,  
But be not afraid, for the Serpent is fast,  
and ne'r will have power to bite you :  
Since God is our hold, tho' Satan be bold,  
he never shall make us his Prey,  
Each day we do find, to discover inclin'd,  
some one of the Devils devices :  
Let honest men fear, no ill that appear,  
for nothing shou'd ever deject 'um,  
An innocent mind, they will certainly find,  
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.

Where's now the Design, to politique end fine,  
our King and good Lord to destroy,  
Tis blown into Air, though the Heavens good care  
and our happiness still we enjoy :  
For was the success, any better we guess,  
of that Cursed and damnable Eye,  
Contriv'd in a Hub, to raise a Hub-bub,  
that our Throats might be cut by the bye :  
Let honest men fear, no ill that appear,  
for nothing shou'd ever deject 'um,  
An innocent mind, they will certainly find,  
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.



*The second part, to the same Tune.*



No Mother Cellier, I pray you forbear,  
and consume not your time thus in vain,  
Take good advice, and be not so nice,  
as for nothing to give your self pain :  
Let honest men, &c.

Your tricks are grown stale, and will never prevail,  
To provoke us to stoop to your Lure,  
You'd better give o're and muddle no more,  
We are Pereticks now beyond all your Cure :  
Since nothing will doe Mother midnight with you,  
You must suffer what's due to your Crimes,  
And more to your grief, without hopes of relief,  
Shall be tortured in penny Rhimes :  
Let honest men fear, &c.

But if you'll repent, perhaps we'll relent,  
and use you like Woman of fashion,  
Because we do find, you have been very kind,  
for to promote Propagation :  
We wou'd not abuse, you that are of such use,  
to the business important of Swearing,  
And this is not all, you are famous withall,  
for Swearing, and Cursing, and Lying :  
Let honest men, &c.

'Twas Madam Cellier, that jewel most dear,  
that plotted this Damnable Flamm,  
And thought it wou'd do, to change all a new,  
to Presbyters Ruine and sham :  
But by a strange chance, she's out in her Dance,  
without hopes of beginning agen,  
She has quite lost her aim, for to nothing it came,  
and every good man cries Amen :  
Let honest men fear, &c.

But yet without fear, she goes on for to dare,  
to deny what's as plain as the Sun,  
With impudent face, which has long lost its grace  
she'd brazen us out she nothing hath done :  
This Catholique Trull, thinks us to gull,  
to believe there never was Plot ;  
But the Devil a bit, we're certain of it,  
as certain as you have a Trot :  
Let honest men, &c.

You cannot deceive, for now we perceive,  
that all your intention and drift,  
Is that you may keep, us fools in a sleep,  
by this thin and most pitiful Shift :

'Tis pity forsooth, I swear by my troth,  
but that you should have all your due,  
We cannot but say, you have gotten the day,  
and proved the Plot to be true :  
You shall be a Saint, but suppose that you be'nt,  
take comfort and break not your heart,  
The Devil will care for a Serbant so dear,  
that has earn'd her Damnation with art :  
Let honest men, &c.

Just now she's condemn'd to Pillory, and shal'nt  
a thousand of pounds for to pay,  
Thrice she is to stand in Pillory, by command,  
and in Prison a year for to stay :  
Let honest men fear no ill that appear,  
for nothing should ever deject 'um,  
An innocent mind they will certainly find,  
like Armour of proof to protect 'um.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Fordan, at the sign of the An-  
gel in Guilt-spur-street, near Newgate.

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